NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

HE THAT DOETH TRUTH COMETH TO THE LIGHT, THAT HIS DEEDS MAY BE MADE MANIFEST, THAT THEY ARE OF GOD.—*Messiah.*

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HOW CAN SLAVERY BE ABOLISHED?

The *first*, *best* way in the world for it to be abolished, is a voluntary repentance and abondonment of the practice by the slave-holders. It arose by individuals taking up the practice. It is continued by their holding on to the practice; and when they *see* and *feel* that it is a *great sin* against *God* and *man*, that will ruin them for *this world*, and *the world to come*, they will, if ever, repent and reform on that, as in other sins, and not before. It *has* been so done, as in the Roman Empire, on this and other sins. But you may ask, How will you get them to *see*, and *feel*, and *act* thus? I answer: just as we do, and as the Gospel provides for on other sins, by going and preaching Liberty to both master and slave at the South, where the evil exists in all its power.

Do you say they would not tolerate it—that they would kill, and hang, and burn whoever should try it?—Very likely; and that is what will abolish it; and that is what *has* abolished all great extended and government sins. The idolatry of Pagan Rome took three millions of martyrs; but it abolished the idolatry of one hundred and twenty millions of heathens. It was so with other nations. It took more miillions of martyrs to abolish the idolatry and power of papal Rome, in behalf of Europe. It required martyrs to put an end to the human fights of men and beasts in the arena of the Roman amphitheatre. It has taken martyrs to abolish tyranny in nations, and reform them to limited and free governments. And it *will* take martyrs to abolish the gigantic sin of our own land and age, as well as of others. Now, if all the preachers at the South were only martyrs in spirit for the truth, and would begin next Sabbath and preach against Slavery as a *sin* against *God* and *man*, that must be repented of and abandoned immediatly, on peril of God's displeasure and their own ruin; and then *stand to it firmly*, and reproclaim the next Sabbath, and fare it, and suffer and die for it—it would kill slavery quickly and peacefully. and the oppressed would go free. The slaveholder would "tremble." and ask—What must I do to be saved? He would be told, Break off your sins by righteousness, and your iniquities by showing mercy to the poor. "Ye masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that you have a master in heaven, with whom is no respect of persons." But do you say that Southern ministers are not martyrs, and not Abolitionists even, and so will not thus preach and suffer? And so this is no way to abolish Slavery! Yea, verily! But then let ministers and Christians go in from the North, and supply their lack of service. Let good, wise, bold and true-hearted ones go, as the Apostles and martyrs went among the heathen. With the truth on their lips, and their lives in their hands, and "preach deliverance to the captives," and "to love our neighbor as ourselves," and to "remember those in bonds as bound with them"—fifty or a hundred martyrs would save three millions of souls from chains, and kindle a light that would shine brighter than that of Huss or Wickliffe—a fire that should melt the chains of the slave, and burn up the rubbish of Tyranny and Error. This is the Gospel way to abolish *sin* and error of any age or land—the only christian way. There are *government* ways less peaceful and just, of law and purchase; and there are *revolutionary* ways more bloody and dreadful; and when the *best* and *Christian way* is *rejected*, we can fall back on any which the people choose, or necessity starts.

The foregoing article we find in a recent No. of "Frederick Douglas's Paper." We insert it in the Magazine as an irrefragible answer to the question so often propounded, "How can *christians* do anything to effect the abolition of American slavery?" The same zeal and perseverance, and self-sacrificing spirit, on the part of those who profess to be the followers of the Lord Messiah, that has always been required to put down other great national sins, would, if brought to bear on this concentration of iniquity, have the same salutary effect that it has had in other cases. True christians are the salt of the earth now as certainly as the immediate disciples of our Lord were when he pronounced his sermon on the Mount; and if our country is ultimately saved from the curse of God, which has ever rested on the oppressor, it will be by the influences of the christian religion, exemplified in the lives of its professors. It is true that other means may unrivet the fetters of the slave, but devastation and death would inevitably be the attendants of such agencies.

Christianity, "pure and undefiled," such as was exhibited in the life of its divine Founder, and in those of his primitive disciples, is the only salvation for our devoted country from the volcanic out bursts and spasmodic throes which even now are shaking our national compact from centre to circumference.

The slave holder must be preached to. He must be told that "the sum of all villianies" and christianity are incompatible; that he must either give up his slaves or his hope of heaven. He must be shown that the bible looks upon the sin of holding a fellow-being in abject slavery, reducing him to a chatel, as it does upon any other great iniquity, heinous in the sight of God, and, if unrepented of, damning in its consequences,

We firmly believe that a majority of professors in the south are in the dark upon the subject of Slavery. They have been born and educated in its midst, and they look upon it as a matter of course.

They have no means of divesting themselves of those erroneous views, for they neither see nor hear any thing to the contrary. Even the gospel of Christ is corrupted to suit their depraved and prejudiced minds, and the bible itself is prostituted and brought into requisition to uphold the most unrighteous system. What can we expect of the great mass of our brethren at the south when such men as President Shannon, Elder J. B. Ferguson, and others who are or have been conspicuous in our ranks, are writing and publishing in defence of the "peculiar institution," so fitly compared to a "deadly upas" by one of the greatest and best men the world ever saw.

Not only so, but they have the example of those to whom they are taught to look up, as the embodiment of goodness, and the exponents of christian perfection, not only for the relation of master and slave, but even for the more revolting features of the system. Preachers of the gospel not only sustain the relation of master towards their own brethren in the church, but they buy and sell them without any regard to the family ties they may sunder, just as they do their horses and mules and cattle.

Besides, the religious periodicals which are published by our brethren are all silence on the subject, and by that silence are tacitly admitting that it is not a sin, for they make it a prominent part of their design to admonish all other sinners, even those whose aberrations are theoretical rather than practical.

We are convinced then that there is light needed in the south, and that we must have a different class of preachers there, and a different periodical literature, before we are prepared to say that the gospel has not power to abolish slavery, or that the brethren in the south would not give up their slaves if they were taught that slavery was contrary to the revealed will of God. Who then is willing to go to Kentucky, and Virginia, and Tennessee and Missouri, and, with their lives in their hands, "not shun to declare the whole counsel of God?" Who, like the apostles and primitive disciples, is willing to suffer stripes and imprisonment, and even death if need be, in order to save the slave from oppression, and the master from the judgments of heaven? It would be a much better work than to go on a mission to any heathen land; and we have no doubt but the blessing of God would attend such an enterprise. All that we need is to get the church purified, and it would again be the "pillar and support of the truth;" it would be like the leaven which the woman took and hid in three measures of meal—*the whole lump would be leavened*. Christianity would do away with slavery, war, and intemperance, and the long looked for, and devoutly prayed for reign of peace on earth would speedily be ushered in.

J. B.

THE MANY AGAINST THE FEW.

THE few have had a conflict with the many in every attempt towards reformation since error got the better of truth. This for a long time must uniformily be the case. Therefore, none ought to be discouraged because of the number or influence of those leagued in support of any error. The history of the world is replete with information and encouragement on this subject. Truth fairly presented, and enforced by the good examples of its advocates, has ever triumphed, and will continue to triumph till the victory is complete. —*Christian Baptist*.

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ELIJAH AND ELISHA — AHAB AND BEN-HADAD.

The incidental cross lights of scripture are exceedingly interesting.—They let us into the home-life of men. They hint to us more than they actually say. They give to the record a character that no modern ingenuity could counterfeit. There we see good old Shaphat and his son Elisha. Elisha is in the act of plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth. A modern farmer, with a team of twenty-four oxen, dragging a clumsy wooden plow, would be in despair. But perhaps old Shaphat made the plow himself, and was quite proud of it, as a *chef-d'ouvre* of mechanical ingenuity. Elisha's sentiments on the subject possibly might have been somewhat different. The manner in which Elisha was taken from the plow, was highly characteristic. If a man is to be a prophet now-a-days, he must usually study seven years, have a license, and be ordained. Not so in Elisha's time. Things were fresh and simple. Life was less artificial. Proceedings were direct. Powers came forth from God with original sanction. Order took care of itself. Elisha was toiling in the furrow, shouting to his endless procession of lazy-footed oxen, when he saw a strange, haggard old grey-beard coming up from the desert, dirty and toil-worn. He came directly towards him, and without a word, cast his mantle upon him and passed on. Now, how should Elisha know what that meant? Did the mantle magnetize him? How did he divine that he must leave all and follow?

Had he known Elijah before? Had he been at the mass-meeting on Carmel? Or did he judge from his look and dress, that he was a prophet? Oriental minds are quick in signs and symbols. That act of casting the mantle was significant.—There was no need of words; no necessity for magnetism other than the magnetism of a lofty and thrilling thought.

That simple plow-boy, perhaps, had slumbering fires in his soul that needed only a touch to stir to flame.

He followed the oxen, because it happened to be his lot, but dreamily, it may be, and wearily, with his truant thoughts straying afar, till doubtless the oxen often wondered, and the hands on the farm wondered, and old Shaphat himself wondered what possessed the boy.

Possibly the old husbandman consulted his wife on the matter, and wondered, "if our Elisha hadn't better get an education." We have heard of a celebrated divine whose career commenced in some such way. He used to trudge by the furrow, wielding the great whip, and saying "Gee!" "Haw!" till his soul loathed the monotonous employ.

One day accompanying his uncle to the woods without the team, he fell into one of his reveries, and fancying the team was there, went on mechanically wielding his imaginary whip, and saying "Gee!" "Haw!" till at last his uncle said, "Why, L., did you think you was driving the oxen?"

And this led to his being sent to College. There can be no harm in imagining something similar to have been the case with Elisha. Boys are very apt to loathe that particular work which they *must* do, and to fancy they have a special adaptation for some other work which they must *not* do.

Perhaps at the very moment Elisha was in a brown study; completely lost in reverie. And lo! what does he see? What dose he feel? This mighty prophet, wild of mien, with eye of fire and brow of thunder, this prophet before whom Israel trembles, clad almost with the omnipotence of God, has gone suddenly by! And this mantle? "He has cast it on my shoulders," thinks the boy, "He is gone. What does he mean by that? He means that he wants me. I must follow. I must bear his mantle. I must minister unto him."

And as he thinks, the thrilling fire of a sacred enthusiasm pervades his soul. He is as effectually alienated from that life of the farm, as if it had never been his. Fleet of foot, he hastens after the seer. "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee!"

The stern old prophet gazed upon his ruddy and enthusiastic face with a softening look, and a faint smile:

"Go back again; for what have I done unto thee?"

But the tone contradicted the words. Elisha understood. He went back, summoned his parents and the household, slew a yoke of oxen, kindled a fire with the implements of his toil, made a sacrificial feast, and bade his home a long farewell.

From that hour he became the inseparable attendant, friend and solace of the sorrowing prophet in all his wanderings.

About this time a cloud of war gathered dark on the northern horizion. Syria was an ancient kingdom. Damascus, one of the oldest, most splendid, and warlike capitals in the world. On the throne of that [celebrated metropolis sat the princely Ben-hadad, renowned through the East in art and arms.

Israel had never fully recovered from the defeat by Abijah, fifty years since, when 500,000 men were cut off. Hence the Damascene Sultan saw an inviting prospect spread out before his eyes on the vine-clad hills of Samaria and the fat valleys of Ephraim.

Unable, at length, to withstand the temptation, he unsheathed the cimeter, and with thirty-two chiefs in his train, sat down before the gates of Samaria. In the correspondence that ensued we have a choice specimen of the policy of the times. Diplomacy was unknown. The art of dressing up piracy in the garb of piety was reserved for later times. The monarch of Damascus coolly says to the monarch of Samaria.

"Thy silver and gold is mine, thy wives also and thy children, even the goodliest of them." That was honest. Damascus wants your property and your wives and children, and he must have them.

Ahab's answer was equally striking, "My Lord, O King, according to thy saying, I am thine, and all that I have."

Is that the voice of a Son of the Covenant? Comes such a craven spech from one of Israel's princes.—Is Isreal sunk down so low already? Ah, then, the quarrel of the exiled prophet is beginning to be avenged! The judgment pronounced at Horeb is working its effects!

Perhaps Ahab thought the princely Damascene would be struck with his mild acquiescence, and would show a chivalrous magnamity.

By no means. Ben-hadad sent back word that besides what he had already demanded, "To-morrow I will send my servants, and they shall search thy house, and the houses of thy servants, and whatsoever is pleasant in thine eyes, they shall take it away.

Ahab, sunk in infamy as he was, could not quite stand this. He began to think Ben-hadad was going too far.

"Mark, I pray you," he said to his council, "how this man seeketh mischief!" Is it not almost ludicrous, that it should just begin to dawn on Ahab, that Ben-hadad was mischievously inclined? Is it not a curious state of society when a man can tamely see his wife and children torn from him, and not think it means mischief? His counsellors seem to be struck with the same profound conviction.—"Hearken not unto him nor consent!" Whereupon, manfully, Ahab sends back the messengers saying:

"All that thou did'st send to thy servant at the first, I will do, but this thing I may not do."

Ah, why could not Ahab be man enough to send back such a challenge as DAVID would have flashed forth?—

"*Thou hast defied the armies of the living God. I will give thee to be meat to the beasts of the earth, and to the fowls of the air!*" Any prince of Israel, with a spark of heroism or holy faith and zeal for the God of his fathers ought to have spoken thus.

But Ahab had neither. He was a corrupt, narrow-minded, mercenary demagogue, who did just what seemed expedient to get him out of a present emergency. If he was on Carmel with the people all shouting, "Jehovah, he is God!" he said Amen. If it was in Samaria with the Syrian host besieging his gates, he cried, "Take my silver, and gold, and wives, and children, but stop there. There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

The issue of the whole war was what might be expected from such wretched leadership. There was a conquest and a compromise. There were two victories, one on the spot, and one a year later, when Ben-hadad returned with a still larger array. In the second defeat the Syrians lost 127,000 men. Their prince fled to Aphek and hid himself. And his servants came with ropes on their necks, and sackcloth on their loins, and crouching before Ahab said, "Thy servant, Ben-hadad, saith, let me live." Aye, the chivalry of Damascus had strangely altered its tone. His lordly insolence was suddenly gone: before it was, "I want all you own, and I will have it." Now it is, "I pray thee let me live!"

What ought Ahab to have done as a patriot, a prince, an Israelite bound to sustain the national covenant, and the honor of God?

He ought to have taken Ben-hadad and condemed him to the fate of Agag, whom Samuel hewed in peices before the Lord. That was what his God, and his law, and the very nature of the conflict between the Hebrew system and sorrounding systems demanded, and in not doing it, he did not show a magnanimous generosity, but an apostate weakness and a base sympathy of spirit with the vilest enemies of God.

"Is he alive!" he exclaimed, when he saw the crouching vassals, "he is my brother."

"Thy brother—Ben-hadad—" they replied catching like lightning at his words,

"Go ye bring him!"

And as, pale and terror-stricken, the royal fugitive crept out of his hiding-place, what was his amazement to receive a polite invitation to a seat in the conqueror's chariot!

Accepting the unaccountable civility, he rode on in high spirits, and a new compromise was quickly engendered between them.

"The cities which my father took from thy father, I will restore, and I will make streets for thee in Damascus." "I will send thee away with this covenant."

Thus for a few paltry commercial privileges, he sacrificed the eternal interests of Israel's law, and her whole spiritual economy- GREY.

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WERE we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening, than by talking—*Colton.*

THE TREMBLING EYELID.

The following impressive narrative we publish as a striking illustration of the advantages of *sobriety* over *intemperance*. One of the chief arguments urged in favor of using intoxicating liquors as a beverage is that it enables the user to endure hardships better, and especially that it serves as a safeguard against the blast of the *winter's* storm, but the *facts* here recorded outweigh all the *theorising* that has ever been made by the most gifted of "king Alcohol's" votaries.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, during the war of the Revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston, U. S. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a well appointed crew of more than 100, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails and steered from the harbor, with a fair fresh breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they anchored with great difficulty near Plymouth harbor. The strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane. Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt, or hardihood endure, but so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast, without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, and could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water; but, unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication; insubordination, mutiny, and madness ensued. The officers remained clear-minded, but lost all authority over the crew who raved about them.

A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined—the dark sky—the raging storm—the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the half frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason or duty, or fighting fiercly with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity; others, with fiery faces, blaspheming God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces, surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants who they supposed refused to do their biddings. Others there were who, amidst the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home they never more must see, and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld by the hands they held most dear. A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiendlike fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making their shrieks of defiance and their curses heard above the roaring of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes. At length death began to do his work. Some of the miserable creatures fell dead each hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse as it became breathless was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors; those who drank most freely were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies, stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile; others sat with their heads reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguised among the mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eyelids.

The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The captain, lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the south-west side of the burial ground of Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last service, first entered and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing on him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eyelid attracted the notice of pity as he lay amongst the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits; it was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight; others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst, but I knew if I drank with them I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated wretches; their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method to restore them to order. They still drank the intoxicating liquor; they grew delirious; they died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our suffering from hunger and cold you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under water. I toiled with a rope to drag it up; but my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. We hoped it might contain bread, and took courage; uniting our strength we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil; yet we gave God thanks, for we found that by occasionally moistening our lips, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing burning pain in the stomach. At length my comrade died, and I lay beside him as one dead, surrounded by corpses.

"Presently the violence of the tempest that had so long raged, subsided, and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets all who could speak; then they earnestly sought all who could move; but every drunkard was among the dead, and I was so exhausted with toil and suffering, and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again, and again.

"They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then I prayed earnestly in my heart, 'O Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dear sister, save me!"

"Methought the last man had gone, and I besought my Redeemer to receive my spirit. But I felt a warm breath in my face; I strained every nerve; my whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immovable as marble. Then a loud voice said, 'Come back, and help me out with this poor lad; one of his eyelids trembled —he lives!' O the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eyelid, the prayer to God, and your own lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him with tears, and the mother said, "Praise be to Him who hath spared my son to be the comfort of my age."—Mrs. Sigourney.

CHILDREN.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF HORACE MANN.

You were made to be clean and neat in your person and in your dress, and gentlemanly and ladylike in your manners. If you have not been bitten by a mad dog, don't be afraid of fresh water. There is enough water in the world to keep every body clean; but there is a great deal of it never finds its right place. In regard to this article there is no danger of being selfish. Take as much as you need. The people of the West boast of their great rivers; I would boast of using a large tub of their water every day.

You were made to be kind, and generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

You were made to learn. Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you can not think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book, and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning, your minds will pine and famish too. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your fathers or mothers, or other people. You would not like to stop growing where you are now, at three feet high, or four feet, or even at five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I have ever seen in the world is a little mind in a greatbody.

Suppose there was a museum in your neighborhood, full of rare and splendid curiosities—should you not like to go and see it? Would you think it unkind if you were forbidden to visit it! The creation is a museum, all full and crowded with wonders, and beauties, and glories. One door, and one only, is open, by which you may enter this magnificent temple. It is the door of knowledge. The learned laborer, the learned peasant, or slave, are made welcome at this door, while the ignorant, though kings, are shut out.—*Life Illustrated*.

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EMANCIPATION A FAILURE IN JAMAICA.

The advocates of slavery gloat over the alleged ruin of Jamaica, as the legitimate effect of emancipation. This fact is deemed sufficient to stamp with the character of madness the aims of those who are seeking the extinction of Slavery in our own country.

The proofs of delapidation and ruin, which are appealed to, are the great falling off, since emancipation, of exports from the Island. This argument at first seems conclusive. We estimate the prosperity of a country by the surplus it produces for exportation, beyond the supply of its own wants. This seems to indicate a superabundance of the comforts and luxuries of life, in the possession of the producer, and so far as such indication is unequivocal the argument is good.

But suppose a country, whose inhabitants had been able, with a reasonable amount of labor and care, to provide for themselves the means of education and comfortable living—should be conquered by a horde of free-booters, who should compel these producers to toil, for the exclusive benefit of their oppressors, sixteen or eighteen hours a day, without wages, almost without clothing, with barely enough of the coarsest kind of food to make their labor productive, and without the means of education, literary or religious—would the amount thus wrung from the producer for exportation, to enrich the free-booter, furnish evidence of the prosperity of such a people? Yes! if prosperity consists in being robbed, trampled on, and made "to serve with rigor." Such a people are prosperous, if the amount of their exports is the measure of their prosperity.

Suppose again that the power of their oppressors should be broken, and the people once more permitted, to appropriate to their own comfort and improvement the fruit of their toil, which the hand of extortion had formerly wrested from them, for exportation, to enrich the pockets of those who were fleecing them. The effect would be a great falling off in the amount of their exports, which, according to the logic of our pro-slavery economists, would indicate prostration and ruin, when the true indication would be the reverse.

Such is the "ruin" which emancipation has brought upon Jamaica. The truth is, our distempered vision—obscured by familiarity with American oppression—can detect neither prosperity nor adversity when it lies concealed under a dark skin. In estimating the prosperity of Jamaica, it is not the welfare of the 300,000 producers on the island that is to be taken into the account, but the pockets of the comparatively small number of their aristocratic oppressors. A state of things which robs *eleven twelfths* of the population, and reduces them to the lowest degree of ignorance, degradation and suffering, in order that the remaining few may riot on the spoils of this extortion, is commercial prosperity!! To restore these children of oppression their God-given rights, and permit them to use the fruits of their toil for their own comfort and improvement, rather than to augment the already overflowing wealth of a few hard-hearted nabobs, is commercial ruin! May God hasten the time when such ruin shall overwhelm all slavedom, and permit every man "to sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid."

According to the slaveholders' standard of prosperity, that part of Egypt called Goshen must have been in a very prosperous state, when brick-making was the great business of its inhabitants, under the energetic administration of the enterprising Pharaoh. And what ruin must have overwhelmed these brick-makers, when under the coercive force of the "ten plagues," this royal slaveholder was reluctantly compelled to "let the people go."—*Free West.*

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CHRISTIANIZING AFRICA.

One of the reasons urged in favor of the repeal of the law forbidding the slave trade is that slaves may be had to people the new Territories and to christianize Africa. This was urged by a Grand Jury of Slaveholders and by members of the South Carolina Legislature. Upon this the Journal and Visitor remarks:

It will be rather a nice time when our emigrant ships cease going to Europe for cargoes, but ship directly for Africa with rum, gun-powder, bayonets and glass beads wherewith to christianize the heathen, and receive in exchange lovely boys and girls. It will certainly be a great blessing to Africa to exchange her surplus population for whisky to civilize the remainder, and then those carried away brought into a Gospel light, where any one would be imprisoned for teaching them to read.

It is a wonder our Missionaries in foreign lands do not take a hint as to the mode of christianizing heathens. They go and put themselves to an enormous amount of trouble to teach folks book-knowledge. Now, why do they not go to work and have laws passed to fine and imprison any one who teaches any one of the benighted the difference between p and q? That is the way South Carolina christianizes heathens, and she has had experience.

The plan of operations on the Sandwich Islands was a great mistake, and Dr. Judson, instead of spending his life amongst the serpents and miasmata of the tropics, should have gone over yearly with a crew of stout fellows, caught these candidates for perdition, brought them here without reference to family ties, handcuffed, scourged and sold them to work the rest of their lives without wages, and forbidden to look into a Bible. That is Missionary work as defined by South Carolina. In future we expect Missionary sermons to consist of moving appeals for armed men to catch the heathens, handcuffs and whips to bring them to obedience, and to set them to work upon.

We heard an anecdote once of a fighting blacksmith, who undertook to beat all Methodist ministers who passed his shop; but he found one once who, instead of meekly taking his drubbing, turned and gave the boxer one to be remembered, and did not let him off until he promised to attend church. He did so, and was converted. Afterwards, when telling his experience, he attributed his change of heart to the beating administered by the preacher, who, being present, responded fervently, "Yes, bless God! I did pound religion into him."

So with the heathen saved on the Carolina plain; they get Christianity screwed and pounded into them in the embrace of the handcuff and at the end of the slave whip. We trust our people will think seriously of this pious Missionary scheme, and give freely of their substance for the forwarding of the good work—*A. S. Bugle.*

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We too often make our happiness depend on things that we desire, while others would find it in a single one of those we possess.

JOHNNY'S QUESTION.

"O mother, what *do* you think," exclaimed little John Newton, bursting into the room where Mrs. Newton sat quietly sewing. "A slave-driver is going to carry off Aunt Sophy, and John, and Caleb, and I don't know how many! Mother," he continued passionately, "shall I ask God to kill him?" and dropping his head on his mother's lap, he sobbed as though his heart would break. After some time he became more composed, and looking up at his mother's face, which was bedewed with tears, he said, "Have I been wicked, mother? You say I ought to love God and every body, and sometimes I hope I do love the dear Savior, who was so good and kind, and always did exactly right, and I hope I love a good many people. But, mother," he continued, an anxious look overspreading his face, "you know how good Aunt Sophy was, when she took care of us, the time you were sick; and is Mr. White one of God's children?"

"I *hope* so, my son," replied Mrs. N. somewhat hesitatingly, "but God only knows the heart."

"But, *mother*, if people *keep on* doing bad things and *doing* them, must I say I hope they are good?"

"No, my dear," she replied, "not if they keep on doing what they are *sure* God is displeased with."

"Mother," he continued, "if God had said to some of the angels, 'Go and take care of Mr. White, for he is my own dear child;' and they had got down to the world just as he was taking the money from that slave-driver for Aunt Sophy, do you think the angels would have wanted to stay with him. They are good, aint they? I dont like to stay with the boys that fight, and tell lies, and cheat; but it seems to me it was as wicked to sell Aunt Sophy as to do any of the bad things the boys do. When they get to doing wrong, I run off, and leave them, for I know you want me to, and it seems to me I can feel your kind, sweet smile, even when I'm away at school; and, mother, don't you think that the angels, who are so much better than anybody, will run off and leave Mr. White? But no," he continued, musing, "you told me they always do just exactly what God says. Mother, don't you think God will tell them they may come back, to heaven and let Mr. White take care of himself. But then God must take care of him, or he couldn't live. Oh, I *do* wish," continued the little fellow, looking anxious and uneasy, "I *do* wish I *knew* whether God loves Mr. White or not; for he is an elder in the church, and if its right for Mr. White *to sell people*, then its right for everybody. Mother, do tell me if God loves those who *sell* people, and if He will take them to heaven?"

"Get your Bible, dear," said Mrs. N., offering a silent prayer that she might be enabled to answer her son aright. "The Reference Bible your father gave you on your last birth day."

"Its on the top shelf in the book-case," he replied; "may I stand on a chair to get it?"

"Wait a moment till I finish sewing on this button, and I will get it for you."

Just at this moment the sound of a violin was heard in the distance, coming along the street, and John, having run to the window, exclaimed, "O, mother, if there aint a whole hundred black men chained together in one string, and there is 'Liberty' too, among them; he was down in a lot helping kill a beef, when that wicked man came and took him off, and measured him, and looked at his scars, and then put him in jail; and then I saw them down at the black-smith's shop putting irons on him; and there's Aunt Sophy too, I do believe, coming up here to tell us good-bye. Oh! I do wish I was a man; she shouldn't go."

In speechles agony, the poor heart-broken creature soon after staggered into the room. She grasped the hand of Mrs. N., and sank to her knees. Then amid her stifled sobs and groans, the only words heard were, "How long, O Lord, how long?" After some minutes, as her spirit became quieted, she gasped, "Lord bless, *bless*, **BLESS** those who have been *kind* to thy poor unworthy servant!"

As she rose up and strained little Johnny to her heart, with streaming eyes, Mrs. N. stepped to her bureau, and taking a large printed Testament, she placed it in her hands, saying, "The Lord be with you, Sophy! I wish I could do more for you."

"O, ma'am, you have already been *too* good to me," the poor creature sobbed. Just then a hoarse voice was heard near the door, ordering her to come out and go along. "Come, none of your whining!" exclaimed a coarse-looking ruffian on horse-back, with a long whip in his hand, "hurry along and catch up with the others, or I'll quicken your steps for you; and stop that blubbering, or I will give you something to cry for!"

Suppressing her sobs as well as she could, with no time to bid farewell to any others, and stumbling on as fast as her infirmities would permit, when she turned the corner of the street, little John and his mother looked on her for the last time till the meeting at the Bar of Judgment.

CHAPTER II.

"Mother, Lion is a real, noble fellow," said Johnny, as throwing down his cap and satchel, he turned to a large black Newfoundland dog which had just returned with him from school. "You know how he watches everything, and how he killed that big snake that was going to bite Alice, but you could'nt guess what he did to-day, could you?"

"I suppose not, my son," said Mrs. N. quietly, "what was it?"

"Why, Alice and Susan Smith went down to the pond to get lilies, and just as they were out on the log, trying to pull them in with a long stick, Tom Smith said, 'Come, boys, let's have some fun,' and started toward the pond, running and crying out, 'Take care of that snake—take care of that snake--take care—take care;' and Susan was so scared she fell in and sank; but Lion shot away from me like a dear fellow that he is, and brought here out. Mother," he continued, "I do believe I love Lion better than I do some *people*; but is that wicked?" Not waiting for an answer, he inquired, "Mother, don't you think God loves a real good dog, *some*; I mean one like Lion."

"Why—yes, my son, I think there is reason to believe God feels interest in all the creatures He has made?"

"Then you think He loves Lion *some*, don't you? O, you dear fellow," he continued, throwing his arms around the dog's neck, "I love you, I know I do; but come and let us go and see if the pigs have been doing any mischief;" and away he ran, followed by Lion. After some time he returned without the dog, looking very anxious and uneasy; and going straight to his mother, he whispered something in her ear, for the other children were now in the room. "I told Lion to watch, I did—wasn't that right?"

"Children," interrupted Mrs. N., "you may go out now and play awhile; I'll call you before supper."

When they had all gone off, John continued, "I told Caleb to keep hid under the hay, and I'd bring him something to eat. He begged me not to tell anybody that would help the slave-driver to catch him again, and begged me just to bring him a little piece of bread, and said he was going to keep trying and keep trying till he got his mother there; and he *looked just as though he meant it.*"

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. N., as the tears started to her eyes, "he little knows what a difficult task he has undertaken."

"But God will help him, won't he mother?" John anxiously inquired.

"Why yes, my son, He'll help in *some* way all those who put their trust in Him; and," continued Mrs. N. musing—"I think there is reason to hope He will help in this case, for poor Sophy's heart seemed to be all bound up in Caleb. He was her baby, as she called him, and she always said he was a good boy."

Mr. N. here came in from his shop, and having briefly informed him that Caleb had broken away from the gang, had taken refuge in their stable-loft, and that Johnny had left Lion to stand sentinel at the head of the steps leading to the loft, Mrs. N. sat with a anxious look for some time, and then said, "What *shall* be done?"

"I'll think about it," said he, relapsing again into silence.

The report of a pistol a few minutes after, coming from the direction of the stable, started him up; and hastening to see what was the matter, on reaching the barn he saw two notorious fugitive catchers on the steps leading to the hay-loft, Lion grappling the one in advance by the throat, whilst the one behind, having broken his leg by a pistol-shot, had just got a pitchfork and was about plunging it into the dog's body.

"Hold!" said Mr. N., seizing the fork; "Lion, let him go!" he said again; and the dog yielded at once to the well-known voice of his master, but resolutely stood to dispute the entrance; Caleb meanwhile had slipped out another way and was off.

CHAPTER III.

The next day was the Sabbath; and in the afternoon, after all had been still some time, Johnny spoke up and said, "Mother, you know you told me to get my Bible the other day, and we 'd see whether it was wicked to sell people; and I wish you would help us to find out now."

"I'm glad, my son, you remember what I said, and I have just been waiting for you to ask again, for I thought you would thus remember it better, Turn first to Malachi ii. 10—'Have we not all one father? and hath not one God created us?' Now could any one please 'father' by selling Allie, or Mary, or little 'sis' or 'bub;' and don't God love His children that try to please Him, better than anybody in the world does?"

"I *know*," he continued, musing, it would be very wicked in me to sell Allie; and yet the Bible says—yes, *God's own book says*—'Have we not ALL *one* Father, and hath not *one* God created us?' and *could* anybody please God by selling His children? Turn now to Matt. xix. 19—'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;' 'Rom. xiii. 10, 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor;' and Matt. vii. 12, 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

"Then the Lord wants everybody to be just as kind to everybody they meet, as they are to themselves, and to try just as hard to please everybody as to please themselves; aint that what it means, mother?"

"What do *you* think, Mary?" said Mrs. N., turning to a daughter next older than Johnny.

"It wouldn't be right to do anything wicked to please another," she replied in a tone of half inquiry, "would it? I suppose the Savior wants us to please everybody when we can without sinning."

"That's it exactly, my dear," replied Mrs. N., as Mary sank blushing back into her seat.

"Well," continued Johnny, "it wouldn't seem to me very much like any one loved *me*, if they should *sell* me; and I'm sure it wouldn't be the way to *please* me; and I don't think it would be doing what they would want done to them; for anybody to sell father, or mother, or Mary, or Allie, or little 'sis,' or 'bub,' or *anybody* else. It's WICKED to sell people!" he exclaimed, starting up with great earnestness, "I DO believe; and I'll tell Mr. White *so.*"

CHAPTER IV.

"Where *is* mother," earnestly inquired Mary, running into the kitchen, her cheeks all a-glow, on her return from school. Learning she was in the garden gathering strawberries, she was soon at her side saying, "O: mother! Johnny is a dear fellow! Mr. White knows *now*, it was wicked to sell Aunt Sophy."

"How *did* he tell him," Mrs. N inquired, deeply interested, "Wasn't he angry?"

"Why we were coming along from school, and Johny kept talking about Aunt Sophy, and wondering how far off she had got; when just as we were close to grandmother McCampbell's cabin, I looked back and said, 'There now, if there isn't Mr. White coming now!' so we ran to her as she sat knitting at the door, and you know her kind way of speaking to us children, and how she tries to make us happy. and how she's *not afraid* of *anybody*, And Johnny said, 'Please, grandmother, help md to tell Mr. White it was wicked to sell Aunt Sophy; and then the tears came into her eyes and she put her hands on his head and blessed him, and she blessed you, too, mother; and just then Mr. White came along, and I slipped round the corner out of sight, and she called out, 'and will na' ye stop a bit, Mr. White?'

"He came to the door, and I peeped through a crack, and I thought he looked just as though he felt *kinder mean*, and I felt sorry for him, but grandmother did not seem to mind it, but went on, 'and what do you think, Mr. White? isn't it a shame that a bairn like this should have to teach you the right ways of the Lord, and you for mony a long year an officer in the Church of the Lord? Och! but dont your conscience trouble you and cause you to pass wearisome days and sleepless nights, for selling that poor old servant of the Lord? Mr. White *Mr. White,*' she continued, 'you must weep tears of blood for your sin, if you ever expect to get a place in the House of the Lord above. Remember, *remember* the cries of that poor creature are ever entering into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and what will you DO, what *will* you do, to square the awful account?'

He looked as though he wished the ground might swallow him up, but at last he stammered out, 'I've determined I never will sell another as long as I live. I'm very sorry I was obliged to sell Sophy.'

"'*Obliged* Mr. White, OBLIGED! I'm afraid *that obliged* will not stand at the day of judgment. Why didn't you rather sell every thing else, your land, houses, and all. I have but little—but little,' she continued, looking round her cabin, 'but ah, Mr. White, I would na' exchange my possessions for yours. I have a *good conscience*, and the Lord is my everlasting friend,' she exclaimed, turning her almost sightless eyes toward heaven, 'I'm *afraid you* could na' say *this.*'

"He stood for a while as though he hardly knew what to say; at last he remarked, 'I trust I have repented of having sold Sophy.'

"'Then,' she continued, 'will you sell what you have, to the last horse or cow, and GET SOPHY BACK? Think not the Lord will accept a repentance without a reparation, where reparation is possible. Gang awa' to your home, and give no rest to yoursel' till ye bring back the poor heart-broken soul; and *see*,' she continued, 'that ye so arrange your affairs that she and none of the rest shall be sold for any debts ye may hereafter contract, before or after ye are dead and gone to your last account. Remember the judgment, remember eternity, and O remember Him who *died* to *redeem* your poor lost soul; and having shown mercy to the least of His children, may you find mercy of the Lord in that day!'"—*Independent.*

* * *

PLAN FOR ABOLISHING SLAVERY.

Emmerson, in his late lecture in Boston, said the following:

Men inspire each other. The affections are nurses. Hope is. Love is. Despair is none. Selfishness drives away the angels. It is delicious to act with great masses to great aims—for instance, the summary or gradual abolition of slavery. Why, in the very name of reason, and the peace of mankind, is not this made the subject of instant negotiation and settlement?

Is it not possible to speak of it with reason and good nature, because it is property? Why, then, it has a price. Because it is political? Well, it intimately concerns us, threatens us, and there will never be a better time than the present time. That is really a great task, fit for this country to accomplish—to buy this property of the plunderers as the British nation bought the West India slaves. I say buy, never conceding the right of the plunderer to own, but acknowledging the calamity of his position, and willing to bear a countryman's share in relieving him; and because it is the only practicable course, and is innocent. Wealth here, is only a right social of public function. If one man cannot do, why all men must do, We shall one day bring the State shoulder to shoulder; and citizens, man to man, to exterminate slavery. It used to be said it will cost a thousand, then twelve hundred, and it is now said it will cost two thousand million of dollars.

Well, were there ever any contributions so enthusiastically paid as this will be? We will have a chimney tax. We will give up our coaches, and wine, and watches. (Laughter, and applause.) The churches will melt their plate. The Father of his country shall wait well pleased, a little longer for his monument. Franklin shall wait for his. The Prilgrim Fathers for theirs; and the patient Columbus, who waited all his life for justice, shall spend a larger share of his immortality still, waiting for his.

We will call on those rich benefactors who found asylums, athenæums, lyceums, and city libraries—we shall call on wealthy husbands and maidens to make the State their heirs, as they were wont in Rome. The mechanics will give; the children will have cent societies. (Laughter and applause.) If really the thing could come to a negotiation, and a price were named in good faith, I don't think that any price, founded on a sum that figures could tell, would be quite unmanageable.

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FAITH and works are as necessary to onr spiritual life as Christians, as soul and body are to our natural life as men; for faith is the soul of religion, and works, the body.—*Colton.*

GREAT MEN OF THE CURRENT REFORMATION,—No. 2.

As a farther proof that there is among us a spirit of *great-manism*, I would mention the fact that some of our prominent scribes are sorely perplexed to know who is to be successor to Alexander Campbell. It is well known that this devoted and humble minded servant of the most high, is now well striken with years, and his combats and labors will soon be over. Now there are some "great" ones among us preparing or wishing to prepare to become his *successor*, not *successors*—for though there will be many that will try for such a distinguished honor, yet none of them would be willing to divide it with any set of colleagues. Unity must be preserved; and it will be contended that there must be but one pervading soul to control the actions of this great people. But who shall this great man be, to whom we shall all look up as to a common spiritual father? Shall we look for such a one among our best writers? Our editors? Our most eminent speakers? Or among those of our ministers, who have excelled in a talent for general *financiering?* In all of these departments we have men of unquestionable abilities, and of indisputable influence.

But were it possible for me to make myself heard among men so greatly my superiors, I would suggest that unless Brother Campbell has lived to no purpose, he will need no successor. His providential mission as a reformer, admits of none. He has spent all the strength and vigor of his life in combatting the *authority* of *human names*, and in endeavoring to turn the attention of man exclusively to the fountain of life in the word of God. All who understand his position love him because he claims nothing for himself. The many who look upon A. Campbell merely as a great man, lose every redeeming feature of the "Current Reformation." All that he has said as a great man, makes no part of our religious belief. It might have been said, and no doubt has been as well said, by other great men as he could possibly say it. But what he has told us as a man of humility, stands much higher in our estimation. When he says "wherefore let no man glory in men," we feel almost as if spoken to by an inspired apostle. And when he tells us to "fear not wretched man," do we not feel as if we heard words from the sanctified lips of Israel's greatest prophet? Every thing which makes this reformation worthy of the name, or worth remembering is, its self-sacrificing principle—*he constantly points men away from himself* to the all sufficiency of the holy scriptures.

It is no part of Christianity to contend for *great-manism*, or who shall be the greatest man? But it is a question of grave import, shall man be followed *at all*, in matters of religion? Or shall we have any leader, save the Messiah? While readily all admit that the Lord Jesus is the only infallible leader of the people of God, the controversy about human pre-eminence must always be a matter of doubtful disputation. And it is this principle, both theoretically and practically applied, that makes us the terror of *Sectariandom.* There is something in this position, so self-evidently true and saving, something which reaches the wants and woes, both of professors and nonprofessors, that every opponent feels, in debating with us, he is kicking against the *goads.*

But let us get involved in a controversy about a human leader, and how soon we will lose this vantage ground? How soon would Sampson lose his power to fight and prevail against his enemies! But what would we gain by such a controversy? We would gain the disapprobation of God and all good men. We would gain the contempt and scorn of our enemies, and no one would rejoice but the enemy of our race.

Brethren, the moment we begin a controversy about human pre-eminence, we abandon our fortress and lose our identity, as a religious people. All our great strength lies in the fact that we are the followers of that king who is "higher than Agag." And whenever that time shall come, when for the sake of concentrating our union, some human leader shall be chosen to go before us, then will our strength be scattered, our union abolished, and our identity mutilated or lost. It would look strange indeed to see our descendants, some hundred years hence, poring over the huge tomes written by Bro. C. in order to get his views, by which to decide a knotty point in a religious controversy. Would such a sect be the representative of our "Current Reformation?" Would they be the descendants of those who "call no man on earth master?" In a religious point of veiw, we would say, they certainly are not. I know that our boldness on this point is astounding to those who do not understand us. And they ask us then, what has A. Campbell to do in this movement. We answer, he, like John the Baptist, points us to the lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world! And, in the same spirit of humility too, has agreed to decrease in order that Christ may increase. All the authority by which we have been gathered together is from above, and plainly not of human origin. If it could have been possible for a human being to have put forth efforts a thousand fold more strong than has ever been exhibited by bro. C., and these had been directed to the rebuilding of a new party in Christendom, I think I speak advisedly when I say, that these mighty efforts would have failed to have enlisted all or any of the leading spirits of this Reformation. It is from above, because it is all found in the scriptures of truth, and not in the *wisdom of men*. Our religion is not the Bible, as explained by A. Campbell, but it is the Bible itself. What saith the scripture is the decision of all controversy with us.

In conclusion, let me say, whoever abandons this vantage ground, will do so to his everlasting reproach and shame. And I would like to add, if I could do it without arrogance, that though all men forsake this foundation yet will not I.

All of which is respectfully submitted by B. U. WATKINS.

WANT OF SYSTEM.

It is frequently urged by some of our good brethren, that the great lack in bringing forward the "Current Reformation," is the want of a proper system of raising and disbursing funds. In fact, the idea is held forth by most of our scribes and speakers, that money is the "*sine qui non*" in christianity, as it is in our worldly affairs. We are told that all the God of the universe needs, in order to enable him to convert the world, is a little more money in the treasuries of the popular, religious societies of the day. Now if this be so, it shows a very great remissness on the part of somebody. If the salvation of the world is suspended upon the receipt of any given sum by any of the so-called benevolent organizations of the brotherhood, and somebody has got hold of the circulating medium of the day, and is either hoarding it up, or expending it in some way other than "giving it to the Lord," it would be well to ascertain just where the fault lies.

We are ready to admit that everything does not seem to work just as it should, but that the fault lies in any want of system in the apostolic teaching and practice is not quite so self-evident. The great difficulty appears to be, that many are trying to propel the old car of *primitive* christianity by a modern but almost universal motive power, called in our old field notes, "*filthy lucre.*" Now, whoever will take the trouble to review the ground that has been gone over since the commencement of the current reformation, will find that nearly all that has been gained towards "a restoration of the ancient order of things," has been accomplished by a different agency—by the personal sacrifice of men, who were so imbued with the love of truth that they were willing to spend and be spent in the work of saving sinners by the proclamation of the primitive gospel. The times however have changed, and while many of the old stamp are still in active service in different portions of the great field, which is the world, those who are assuming the authority to give *tone* and *fashion* to the great evangelical labors of the nineteenth century, have got it into their heads, or at least are trying to get it into the heads of the brethren, that every thing depends upon money. They must be well paid for every discourse they preach; and unless they are sure of their pay, they choose to let the world alone in its wickedness. There is much said about the necessity of liberality on the part of what is called the laity, while the preacher, who is himself worth his thousands, and in the receipt of asalary exceeding the income of ninety-nine-hundreths of his congregation, is perhaps the last one to set the example of liberality.

We believe the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and that those who minister in holy things should be made partakers of the temporal things of the brethren; but a preacher who has not love enough for his race, and zeal enough for the cause of Christ to preach his gospel, whether he receives a large pecuniary reward or not, is unworthy to be called a follower of Christ, and a teacher of apostolic christianity.

Such men will do very well to help build up any of the "isms" of the day, for they must get their reward as they go along, or miss it forever; but those who expect, when the great shepherd shall appear, to receive a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away, must cultivate a self-sacrificing spirit. They must be willing to share the same fate with all the public benefactors who have gone before them. They must follow the example of Christ and his apostles; of Luther, Melancthon, and their contemporaries; of Roger Williams and his associates; and those who spent the prime of their lives in restoring the bible to the world by extricating it from the mass of human traditions, which had accumulated to such an extent as almost to extinguish the bright rays of the "sun of righteousness." Give us such a race of preachers, and we will not hear so much about "the want of system" as we do now from the mouths of those who are endeavoring to bind burdens on other men's shoulders that they would not touch with their little finger. J. B.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY,—No. 7.

Davenport, Iowa.

Bro. Boggs,—Until corrected, we shall take for granted, that if christianity "admits and sustains" slavery, then is Jesus Christ responsible, being the author of the system "that admits and sustains" slavery; and christians, as the name would import, are bound to share the responsibility with him, because they have espoused christianity as their moral code, their rule of moral right, in all their relations and duties to men. Why then give the honor or dishonor to our political Washingtons, Jeffersons, or Franklins? Was not Jesus Christ before them? And was not the system of christianity before the constitution of the united States, or our State constitutions and slave codes? When, therefore, the disciples of Christ throw the responsibility of their slave holding upon the State, they raise a false issue, for their religion would justify them in holding slaves, whether the State did or did not. All that can be said in that case is simply this, that in slave States christians are sustained in their christian privileges, while in non-slave holding States they are deprived of their sacred rights.

Why do christians ever appeal to State right to hold slaves, when they have a divine right—a right from Jesus Christ, from him who had all authority in heaven and in earth?

Christians in free States being defrauded by State legislation, the rights and privileges of being masters or slaves wrested from them, have they not an indisputable right, as American citizens, to call for a special act in their behalf? The Jews, and Seventh-day Baptists do now enjoy the like favor, and why do we not call for redress? Or have we no appreciation of these birth-right blessings, so highly prized by many of our brethren? Why not enjoy our Christian privileges with them to their fullest extent? Why, should North-Western Christians be satisfied with a nominal good? Have the name, and our brethren under the influence of a more christian legislation, have the game. There is no equality in this. If the maximum value of a man is one thousand dollars, why should my privileges be proscribed? I know not, unless it were providentially ordained, that some good brother should have that amount vested in me.

If the christian religion does admit, and sustain the relation of master and slave for life, we must claim that the slave codes of the slave-holding states are in harmony with christianity,—for, any legislation that will acknowledge the humanity of the slave would fail to sustain the relation. This will not be controverted by any politician, North or South; Southern legislators are not by nature less humane in their feelings, than those of the North; but, they want to sustain the relation of master and slave, which is but saying they want to sustain the system, and as wise men, they have chosen the means, and the only means, that will secure the end. But these laws, with all their *rigor*, will, in all probability, fail to perpetuate the institution.

Now we ask, would Christianity sustain the relation without the aid of civil legislation? could the church, now, or ever, in time past, or future, with no other book than the christian scriptures in her hand, have originated the relation of master and slave, and then have sustained the relation by an appeal to its teachings upon the subject? If so, then christianity sustains it; if not, christianity is not chargeable with either Roman or American slavery; for that which has not power to originate, has not power to sustain. And if unfriendly to the creation, would it not be unfrindly to the support? One thing is quite certain, that neither Paul nor Peter originated the relation. It existed. It was before them, long before Christ called them to the Apostleship. But suppose it had not existed, is it presumable that the Apostles would have called it into existence, even if they could have done so? No, every man that reveres God's bible will say No; Paul himself says *no* most emphatically *No*, when he says "if thou mayest be made free choose it rather," and for the reasons that they would not have called slavery into existence they would not have given it their support. But it will be claimed that they did admit it to enter the church. Grant it. Therefore it must be admitted into the church now. *But they also* admitted *polygamists to enter the church; therefore Brigham Young*, with his score of wives, and every Mormon polygamist, must be admitted also. Your argument proves too *much*, and therefore proves *nothing*.

To admit, as a matter of sufferance, and to sustain, are very distinct propositions. Could masters, under the New Testament instructions, sell and buy slaves, hold them as property, transmit them to their heirs as goods and chattels, and recover the fugitive? all of which and more was necessary before it can be said in truth that the New Testament admits and sustains the relation of master and slave for life. If the primitive churches did, by an appeal to the writings of Paul and Peter, sustain slavery in their midst, the advocates of primitive christianity can do so now. But if it was sustained in the church by enforcing the Roman slave code, it was not the New Testament, but the State, that supported the relation of master and slave in the church.

We now say what we said in 1844, and have repeatedly said since, that the primitive churches did not sustain slavery. We furnished the proof; no man has invalidated the testimony, or even attempted to do so.

As the books now stand, the position that the "New Testament admits and sustains the relation of master and slave for life," is an assertion without proof. A position so weighty, involving the honor of Jesus Christ, the credit of christianity, its salutary influence upon society, and upon all men of all nations, should be accompanied with the clearest evidence.

But we close this article by submitting the following overture to our brethren. You can decide this controversy by a practical test; you should have done so ere now. Lay aside all State guarantees; regulate the relations, the duties, and profits by the New Testament, and by that only, and then if you can sustain the relation of master and slave, and if you shall be disposed to perpetuate the system, as provided for in the New Testament, and do so, we shall be satisfied and reconciled. If the New Testament sustained the relation of master and slave in the Roman empire, it will do the same in these United States. Let the experiment be made, and we will abide the decision, for what is true in theory will not be false in practice. J. HARTZEL.

* * *

Said the Hon. William Wirt, "I have been, for more than forty years, a close observer of life and manners in various parts of the United State, and I know not an EVIL that will bear a moment's comparison with intemperance. It is no exaggeration to say, as has been often said, that this *single cause* has produced more *vice*, *crime*, *poverty* and *wretchedness*, in every form, *domestic* and *social*, than *all* the other ills that scourge us combined."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bathel, Ind. March, 17, '55.

Bro Boggs.—Soon after the North Western Christian Magazine made its appearance, I was requested by one of its friends to contribute occasionally to its pages, but have been hitherto prevented owing to the sickness and subsequent death of my dear wife, who fell asleep in Jesus on the 24th ult. it being her *forty third* birth day.

Being still urged by others to contribute my mite in building up the cause of humanity, I herewith send you a few thoughts, which you may publish if you think them worth the room they would occupy.

My motto will be "*anti*-slavery" "*anti*-whisky" and "*anti*-tobacco." As it regards the *first*, I do not know of a member of our congregation, which numbers near two hundred who is not on the side of universal liberty, and opposed to the dark and damning sin of American Slavery; and some of them are very zealous in their opposition to it.

As to *whisky*, we have never been much troubled with it in our immediate neighborhood. The "temperance reform" had warm advocates among us *twenty-five* years ago, and such a public sentiment prevailed that no merchant who kept it to sell could be patronized in our village. The drunkard could find no countenance, and although intemperance has been prowling around us for years, its encroachments have been few, and then had to skulk back in the dark. Our brethren have to a man advocated the enactment of a prohibitory, law and they now rejoice that such a one has been procured; that our state has led the way in tying down the hydra headed monster, so that he will never again be able to curse our land with his pestilential breath. We expect, however, as we are close to the Ohio line, still to be annoyed from that quarter. The law of that state is like a net full of holes, it lays hold of the monster, but he slips through and goes on with his work of devastation and death. I do most sincerely hope the friends of humanity there will continue to agitate the subject until a law similar to ours shall be adopted by the legislature, and carried out by the people.

As to the use of tobacco I cannot speak so favorably. I feel ashamed of the people with whom I stand connected as an overseer when I touch this subject, I would be truly glad that I could say they were all anti-tobacco as well as anti-whisky and anti-slavery, but this cannot in truth be said. I do not wish to be thought hard on my old brethren who formed the habit of using it when they were young, but our young men and boys I must reprove for contracting such a useless, expensive, and filthy habit. There is scarcely an old tobacco chewer or smoker among us but will acknowledge the evil of it, and say they are sorry they ever commenced the use of it, let me say then to the older brethren (and I might say sisters too, for some of them will smoke), be as moderate as you can, and if possible give up the use of it entirely, and especially do not chew the filthy stuff in the meeting house when you assemble for the worship of God.

Fathers, if you are sorry you ever began the use of the vile weed, use your influence to keep your children from falling into the same error. It is a duty incumbent upon all who have children entrusted to them to teach them both by precept and example the path of rectitude, to choose the good and to refuse the evil. I give these admonitions not only to the brethren here, but in every place where tobacco is used. A reformation in this department is loudly called for all over the land. Young men and boys are contracting a habit thoughtlessly which they will regard in after years, and which if presisted in will have a deleterious influence upon their health, their purses and their intellects. H. C. Tillson.

Cleveland, *March 6th*, '55.

Brother Boggs.—The Magazine gives, so far as I can learn, universal satisfaction in all parts of the State.—Go on, Brother, and as a *few* righteous persons prevented for a time the destruction of Sodom, I hope there may always be found righteous men enough in this slavery-cursed nation, to save it from the fate that it, on that account, seems to deserve; which is not much less than that of Sodom. We occasionally hear from certain quarters, regrets at the prevalence of "fanaticism" on the subject of slavery, and the popularity of "Uncle Tom" literature; but I am thankful for almost any thing that will tend to neutralize, or, if possible, destroy the "*Legree*" theology, that has been so popular, or at least common, but which happly seems now to be sinking towards its proper level. Sending missionaries from Virginia to Jerusalem, to teach the Bible to the heathen, and ***imprisoning women for teaching it to them in Virginia***, is an absurdity that none can be so blind as not to see.

Ever yours in the cause of true reform H. M. Addison.

Appanoose co. Ia. Feb. 16.

Brother Boggs—Dear Sir,—I am gratified that I am favored with the opportunity of sending you the names of a few subscribers for your valuable paper. I think it is just such a paper as the nature of the present existing circumstances calls for. The first design is one of momentous importance to the whole human family, and all christians, and those too who are favorable to the cause, should throw their whole influence in favor of the good cause. The second is also an interesting item. Education, is a subject of vital importance to us all, and I hope the manner in which that subject is treated in your paper will make it popular, and cause it to find its way into families, where it would not otherwise go, owing to the prejudices of some to the other principles which is advocates. But the third and fourth are subjects which have heretofore been too much neglected by the christian church, and I am glad in my heart that a christian paper has been started, that has taken up these subjects, and has discussed them so ably.

Temperance and universal liberty are themes that my heart delights to dwell upon. And I pray that the God who delivered Daniel out of the lion's den, and the Hebrews out of the fiery furnace, who broke the Egyptian yoke of bondage, and brought the children of Isreal out of Egypt, may in mercy and with power bless the effort that you are making, until the principles your paper advocates shall be universally adopted in theory, and strictly carried out in practice by all God's intelligent creatures. Yours, with respect,

D. R. Ball.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."

Every day in the journal, that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we read this little sentence, "Married yesterday, So and So."—Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of the earth; a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the dim aisles of some holy temple, a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring flowers upon life's pathway. Each day some new marriage crown is put on, and she that wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals away from the "dear old home," and nestles tremblingly in the fairy cot where Love's hand has trained the honey-suckle over the lattice porch, and placed Æolean lyres in all the casements.

"Married Yesterday." There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe Love's pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmanent of hope. There are harps tinkling now, whose melody is sweeter than the sounds of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of amethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were said. Life now is become beautiful; the soul soars upward from the dust, like a dove loosed irom its cage; there is melody in every path, with crownings for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

"Married Yesterday." It seems a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come, and life lose its summer bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather's house, and little bairns cluster about his knee, those who were "married yesterday," mayhap will turn back to the records of the Past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon, gathering, up their sheaves, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where there will evermore be but one marriage—that of the lamb with his chosen people.

* * *

SOUTHERN TESTIMONY.

Many of our brethren at the north who have no sympathy for slave holding, seem to be laboring under the hallucination that the subject is one of very little moment to the community at large, and they look upon every effort to arouse the public mind to an examination of it, as ill-timed and uncalled for. Speakers and writers who endeavor to show the iniquity and danger of the system are denounced as "fanatics" and "panic makers," while the siren song of "peace" and "safety" lulls back to its wonted supineness the great mass of the public mind. In fact, designing men who for personal aggrandisement have sold themselves to the slave holders, have labored to produce such a sentiment in our midst, but while such has been the course pursued by many even in the church, there has all the while been individuals in the slave states who have risen above the contemptible subterfuges of the northern apologists of slavery, and borne witness to the truth of the allegations urged by the opposers of the "peculiar institution."

The following extract from the "Richmond (Va.) Whig" published in 1832 will, with all unprejudiced persons weigh more than all the sophistry of the whole chore of slavery apologists that have disgraced the church from that date until the present time.

"The Slave Question.—What is the question of who shall be President —of Banks, of Roads, and Canals, of Tariffs—to *this?* In our estimation, all other questions of peace or war, of measures or men, which now engage, or have engaged, the consideration of the people of Virginia since the Revolution, are, by the side of this, comparatively insignificant. War, in its desolation, embraces in ruin a few only of those who are parties to it; slavery, in its moral consequences, extends its curse to every individual of the State where it exists. War, at the worst, is temporary, and speedily, by the disasters it inflicts, produces a mutual desire for peace; slavery multiplies its evils, and increases the probability of its perpetuation at every step, and in every instant of time it is tolerated. No! There has been no question considered since 1775, so momentous as the question of its abolition, there *can* be no question embracing such multitudes in its decisions for weal or for woe, and reaching in its effects so far down the steam of time. Not Virginia only is interested, not whether *her* sons shall be relieved of the reproach, the awful and incalculable oppression, and the piece-meal political death of slavery, and whether the descendants of 450,000 blacks shall in future ages and in their native clime enjoy liberty—not these points of magnitude, as they are, present the *whole* question. *That* in its wide range comprehends all the Southern States, and all their inhabitants, and not the living only, but all succeeding generations, What mind can grasp the mighty subject? What intellect can appreciate its magnitude? What philanthropy can calculate the benefits to mankind, of Virginia's successful execution of a plan of abolition? Unquestionably every Southern State, with what execution it might, would follow the illustrious example. The moral feeling of that example would impart a resistless impulse.

For our own part, since events have conquered the liberty of free discussion, we have considered the question settled. The moment statesmen were publicly to examine the moral foundation, and the pernicious effects of slavery, and the press was unshackled to proclaim their sentiments, and to combat in the cause of reason, justice, and the common good, that moment the decree of abolition was registered in the book of fate. It must be so, and cannot be otherwise. This year may not see the vast work commenced, nor the next, nor the next. A half century may not see it completed. But, commenced *it will be*—COMPLETED IT WILL BE.

EVIL SPEAKING.

We seldom make selections from our own periodicals, as it would be giving many of our readers matter which they had before read, but the following is so very applicable to the times, that we think no one would be injured by reading it half a dozen times, or even committing it to memory. It is from the "*Christian Evangelist*," one of the most ably conducted of our religious journals.

It is probable that evil speaking is the most common and prevalent vice among our sinful and fallen race. It has always abounded in ancient and in modern times, in all countries, Pagan, Jewish, Christian, and Mahomedan. It prevails in all circles, in high and low, in the court, and in the cabin of the humble peasant. It is a good rule, never to say of any absent person what you would be afraid or ashamed to say if he were present. He of whom you delight to speak evil may hear of it and become your enemy: or if he do not, you may have to reproach yourself with the meanness of attacking one who had no opportunity of defending himself. Never listen to a person who deals in scandal; he who slanders one to you, will slander you to another. Tale-hearers make tale-bearers; and the tale-hearer and tale-bearer should both be hung together, one by the ear and the other by the tongue. Why is there so little said from the pulpits and from the presses upon this everyday sin, this universal sin? I do not remember to have heard one discourse upon this subject. Is it because both preachers and people are guilty of this sin, that the preachers are afraid to touch it? It is an evil of the first magnitude, and greatly abounds. It is not sufficiently watched against. We need an Ezekiel or a Wesley to scourge this vice. 1. It is always indicative of ill manners and bad breeding to speak evil of an absent person. 2. It is an evidence of a weak and distempered mind.—3. It is the abhorrence of all wise and good people. Psalms xv. 3—He that backbites not with his tongue, nor does evil to his neighbor, nor takes up a reproach against his neighbor, is to abide in the Church of God. But he that does these things is not to dwell in the Church. Read this Psalm. According to this rule, who of us is a fit church member? Who is it that treats his neighbor with due respect, who does not injure his neighbor's *character, person* nor *property?* Who is it that has no *hollow friendship, vain compliments?* whose heart, whose tongue, and whose hand are all in unison? The person here described *forges* no calumny, he circulates no slander, he *insinuates* nothing by which his neighbor may be injured. The word backbite conveys the idea of knavishness, cowardice and brutality. He is a *knave* who would rob you of your *good name*—he is a *coward* who would say of you in your *absence* what he dare not do in your *presence*. The word refers to a cowardly dog, which would not come before you to bite you, but would come behind you and bite your back. Nor takes up a reproach against his neighbor, says the psalmist. If the tale of scandal is carried to the door of the righteous man or his house, he will no more *take it up* than he would stolen goods; he will not bear it away; remembering that he who receives and conceals the stolen goods is as *bad as the thief*.—He can not prevent the thief from laying the stolen goods at his door, but he will not take them up. In this way the progress of slanders is arrested; in this way the talebearer is discouraged from carrying it to another door. Those who *feed on* the faults of their neighbors are like flies, which pass over all the sound parts of the body to light upon the only ulcer that can be found. Every person should study this 15th Psalm well, and also the third chapter of the Epistle of James, which says, The tongue is a world of iniquity — sets on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire from hell. Let all the preachers give one or two discourses every year on the tongue, instead of dwelling so often on what *we believe — our doctrines.* Speaking evil of others is very injurious to society; it is inconsistent with the relation we bear to each other as christians. We are positively commanded to speak evil of no man.—Titus 3rd chapter. James says, Speak not evil one of another, brethren; he that speaks evil of his brother speaks evil of the law, and judges the law.—iv. chap. 11, 12 verses. Speaking evil is opposite to the example of Christ, whom we profess to follow. It is a perversion of the design of speech. We may speak what is true of another, and yet speak evil of him, when there is no good end to be answered by speaking. If persons tell all that they know, which is true, they may keep society always in a *ferment*, in a *fuss*. There is sometimes a malignant pleasure manifested, a studious recollection of every thing that can be brought forward, a delight in hearing things said against absent persons; yes, a secret delight in the calamities, falls and misfortunes of others. This is *base* and *mean* in the extreme. It is said of Dr. Chalmers' mother, that whenver she heard that a person had said any thing of her that she did not like, she went to the person and told him what she heard he had said of her, and asked him if it were so. It is said she had not occasion to go many times.

This is according to the directing of our Lord in Matthew xviii.—Go and tell him his fault between you and him alone. Evil speaking is opposed to the whole tenor of Christianity. No practice has more severe punishments denounced against it. 1 Cor. v. 11—We are not to eat with railers. I. Cor. vi. 10—Revilers shall not inherit the the kingdom of God. Miriam and Aaron were turned leprous for speaking against Moses—Numbers xii. David says, Psalms xii. The Lord shall cut off those who say with our tongue, we will prevail, our tongue is our own, *who is Lord over us?* I will reprove thee, says God.—Psalms xli. 5. Paul says, Let all bitterness, wrath, malice, clamor and evilspeaking be put away from you.—Eph. iv. 31. Peter says, Lay aside all malice, guile, hypocrisies, envies and evilspeaking; as newborn infants desire the pure Word of God, that you may grow to salvation.—1 Peter ii. 2–4. David and Peter say, He that loves life and would see good days, let him refrain his tongue from guile or evil speaking—Psalms xxxiv. 13, iii. 10. Moses spoke unadvisedly with his lips, when he said, You rebels, must I fetch you water out of the rock. Nums. Psalms cvi. 33—Moses says, You shall not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people. Solomon says, A prating fool shall fall. He that refrains his lips is wise. He that keeps his mouth keeps his life; but he that opens wide his lips shall have destruction. He that has knowledge spares his words. Even a fool when he holds his peace is accounted wise. Whoso keeps his mouth and his tongue, keeps his soul from troubles. There is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. A fool's voice is known by the multitude of words. According to this rule of King Solomon, how many fools have we now in society? and how many wise persons? Again he says, A fool is full of words. The thing has been reversed since Solomon's day. The Apostle says, Let every man be swift to *hear*, *slow to speak*. If any man among you seems to be religious, and bridles not his tongue, that man's religion is vain; he has no religion, no virtue; his religion is in talk, in doctrines, in nothing. Brethren, according to God's rule, how manw religious persons have we? All the "Churches" are full of just such religious persons as the above talkers, talebearers, whisperers, disputers. They flatter God with their mouths, and lie to him with their lips—Ps. lxxvii. 36—and worship him according to the precepts of men, but their hearts are far from His Word. They say, Lord, Lord, but they do not what he says.—Matt. vii. Whoso privately slanders his neighbor, him will I cut off.—Ps. x. 1–5. I hate and abhor lying; he who utters lies shall not tarry in my sight. The first thing the Persians taught their children was to speak truth. The mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

* * *

Quarreling.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel.—No man ever fails to think less of himself after than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on one hand, and increases the power and passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of deailng with the wrongs we meet with.

HOME EDUCATION,—No. 5.

Every parent, who wishes to see his children become useful either as citizens or christians, must above all things teach them the habit of obedience. Subordination is the first law of the family circle; and the parent, who has neglected to enforce this salutary principle upon his rising family, has showed himself unworthy of the trust committed to him by the God of nature.

A man who has not been taught obedience, is not qualified to command, and *per* necessity is ignorant of the first and greatest element of true government. Such persons will be cruel and tyrannical as fathers, and, with all their bluster and severity, will fail to control their children.

It is becoming a favorite doctrine that children should be raised without any corporeal punishment whatever. If I should dissent somewhat from this opinion, I hope I shall be able to make myself heard, and understood by the careful reader. I despair of being able to present to the minds of parents a better model of government than we have in our heavenly Father. His system is goodness and severity, love and chastisement. And any system of government, which dispenses with either the one or the other of these principles, will be found, in the end, vastly deficient, and entirely unsuitable to the wants of human society. If men were *angels*, they would need no law but love. If they were *devils*, they would require none but force. But they are neither the one nor the other, but partakers in some slight degree, of the nature of both, and hence they stand in need of both forces, love and severity. But the love of the parent should not be idolatry, nor should his severity amount to cruelty or tyranny. But both these principles should be so used as to secure the *control* of the family, and altogether made subservient to the end of *cheerful* obedience.

There is not one element, in human knowledge, half so essential to true greatness, as is this principle of submission to authority. No man can be a good citizen, who has not been taught to submit his own will to that of others who are appointed to govern him. No one can be a gentleman, whose self-will cannot bear restraint from those with whom he is associated. And none can gain the climes of immortal glory, whose stubborness will not obey his father in heaven. Therefore I would say, most emphatically, that no branch of education is half equal to this, in its influences upon us both here and hereafter.

The true secret of family government is not compulsion, abstractly considered, and far less is it indulgence. It is to be remembered, that coercion is not obedience. Hence the only system of true government, is to let the *subjects do as they please; but make them please to do right*. In other words, teach them to govern themselves. The advantages of this thought are manifold. The child, that has learned to govern himself, has acquired a habit of doing right without the visible impendence of punishment. And he is not in danger of disgracing his parents, when he may chance to be beyond their immediate control. He has learned while young to act from principle, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. And it will be of infinite use to him all the days of his life, for habit will make duty a pleasure; and its effect may be peace and quietness forever.

The folly of raising children without any definite system of government, is so manifest, that it meets with merited condemnation from both the wise and the unwise. But although all condemn the folly of such procedure, yet comparatively few know how to begin a system of practical government. Under this branch of the subject a few general remarks must suffice. If the elder children in a family become vicious and unmanageable, while yet the younger members of the family are small, it is almost a miracle if ever order and government can be introduced into that house. Hence let parents look well to the habits of their first children. If the eldest son be started right, in the path of obedience, all the other children will look up to him and follow his example almost instinctively. I have known judicious parents to take more pains with their eldest child, than with all the rest of the family, and with the best results to the whole.

If a parent would hold the control of his children, he must begin while they are very young to watch their proclivities, and he must not blind himself to the imperfections of their childish dispositions. If a child manifests any inordinate passion, this, instead of being strengthened by gratification, ought to be carefully restrained. For instance, should a child manifest a great love for the destruction of animal life, such a one should be sedulously restrained from its gratification, and removed far from scenes calculated to arouse such sentiments. And the feelings of love, kindness and compassion, should be cultivated to their highest capacity. Under proper tuition, children of this class make men of great force of character, and of amiable disposition; but without it, they become the the terror of society, and their end, the ignominious punishment meted out to that crime, which society has not yet learned how to forgive.

Parents might have some excuse for the insubordination of their children, were it not for the fact, that they come under parental control at such an early period of their existence. The first lesson a child should learn is to love and obey its parents. Who would not be ashamed to say he could not control a child of one year? The difficulty is, parents frequently ruin their children, before they make the first effort at family government; and after having approbated and laughed at exhibitions of juvenile depravity until sin is firmly fixed in the heart of the unfortunate child, the unhappy parents resort, when it is too late, to flagellations, exhortations, prayers and tears, to eradicate habits they themselves have been the means of establishing.

Before closing, I would also make another suggestion. Much of the irreligion of our time can be traced to this deficiency of parental authority. He who has never obeyed his father on earth, will not be likely to honor his Father in heaven. He that has not loved his father whom he has seen, will scarcely love God whom he has not seen. It is a momentous fact, that children love their parents in proportion as they are taught to obey them. And those who are allowed to disregard the authority of their parents, will soon learn also to disregard their persons. Hence God has made it a test of our love, that we keep his commandments.

I sincerely believe that the eternal destiny of our population hangs more upon this point, than any thing extraneous to the preaching of the gospel. It is almost impossible for one, who has never yeilded a cheerful obedience to his parents, to lovingly obey his Father in heaven.

These are indeed but a few hints on a subject of immense importance.

B. U. WATKINS.

* * *

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse; and those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with them.

Original Poetry.

SPURN NOT THE GUILTY.

BY MISS ELIZA KATE SELDON.

Scorn not the man whose spirit feels
The curse of guilt upon it rest,
And on whose soul the hideous seals
Of crime and infamy are press'd
Spurn not the lost one—nor in speech,
More cold and withering than despair,
Of stern relentless vengeance preach—
For he, thy lesson, will not hear.

'Twill rouse a demon in his heart,
Which thou too late wouldst strive to chain,
And bid a thousand furies start
To life, which ne'er may sleep again:
No! better from her forest lair
The famished lioness to goad,
Than 'mid his guilt, remorse, despair,
With wrathful threats the sinner load.,

But if his soul thou would'st redeem,
And lead the lost one back to God;
A guardian angel would'st thou seem,
To one who long in guilt hath trod!
Go kindly to him;—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thy own,
And by his side, a brother stand,
Till thou the demon sin dethrone.

He still is human, and will yield
Like snow beneath the torrid ray;
And his strong heart, though doubly steel'd,
Before the breath of love give way.
He had a mother once, and felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek,
As by her knee at evening knelt,
The prayer of innocence to speak.

A mother! aye! and who shall say,
Tho' steeped in sin he now may be;
That spirit may not wake to day
Which filled him, at that mother's knee?
No guilt so utter e'er became,
But mid it, we some good might find,
And virtue, through the deepest shame,
Still feebly lights the darkest mind.

Scorn not the guilty then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest mood,
That back the lost one thou may'st lead
To hope, to happiness and God.
Thou art thyself but mortal, thou
Art prone, perchance, to fall as he;
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee.

* * *

RAINY SUNDAYS.

A rainy Sunday is the church goer's holiday. When he is awakened in the morning by the drops pattering upon the roof or window-pane, he nestles more comfortably in his bed, and congratulates himself that he may take another nap. He rises at a late hour and comes down with a headache, which somehow, a strong cup of coffee does not dispel. Then he casts about for employment, for, of course, he is not going to church in the rain! He might muddy his boots, or spoil his beaver—silk hat we mean! Perhaps he takes up the last novel, but if he is a business man it is more probable he will look over some old accounts, even going to the store—in spite of the rain—to do so.

So the day wears leadenly on, in spite of himself he feels uncomfortable. He has spent the day wretchedly, and he knows it; yet, surely you would not have him go to church in the rain!

But we would, though! That is just what rainy Sundays are made for, when the sun shines and the grass is green, when

"Flowers are springing, and birds are singing,"

and all is fair without, then one can worship in the open air, and in all the devotional walk have his deepest religious feelings aroused. But when the sky lowers and the rain or the snow falls, it is the duty of all to go to church.

For our part, we like a stormy Sunday for church going better than a fair one. We always liked to go to school on rainy days, because then there were fewer scholars, and we got more of the master's attention. Then, too, he became familiar, but by his own demeanor, and drawing the faithful few around him, told us tales, or explained the difficult lesson. There was a coziness about the school-room such days that we liked.

So on rainy Sundays we go to church because then we get a larger portion of the sermon.—When the house is full, and the butterflies of fashion are fluttering in the pews, and rank is there with haughty head, somehow we never get any good from the preacher. We feel overlooked in the bustling crowd, and are disturbed by the wandering glances and loud whisperings of over-dressed girls and rustling matrons. There is always a little boy to kick his heels against the pew, and move restlessly about from seat to seat—there is always an old gentleman to nod his head at us, with close shut eyes as if answering our internal questionings. There is a cold air of the world—of formal ceremony, and heartless parade about the church, that chills the religious element of our being.

But on rainy Sundays, when the butterflies remain at home for fear of soiling their wings, and the little boy plays horse in the garret, and the old gentleman takes his nap upon his own bed, we get a good share of the sermon, and seldom go to sleep. Then the few present are dressed in subdued colors, are quiet and attentive, and a sort of graceful gloom comes in at the hazy windows, and wraps all in partial obscurity. Then the preacher puts aside the airs of oratory, and talks with us plainly and sociably. Then the spirit of true religion seems to rest upon the worshipers, and the world is shut out. Then, indeed, it is good to be there.

Reader, if you would enjoy a rainy Sunday, go to church.—*Port. Transcript.*

LITERARY NOTICE.

"*Robbins' Journal.*—This is a handsome duodecimo vol. of near three hundred pp. comprising an account of the loss of the "*Brig Commerce*," of Hartford, Conn., on the western coast of Africa, August 28, 1815. Also of the *slavery and sufferings* of the author and the rest of the crew upon the Desert of Sahara for nearly three years, with an account of the manners, customs and habit of the wandering Arabs. Also a brief historical and geographical view of Africa, by *Archibald Robbins*. new edition published by S. Andrus & Son, Hartford, Conn. This is a very interesting work, and we are pleased to learn that a new edition is now before the public. It is not only a thrilling narrative, but it contains much information concerning a country and a people of whom we know comparatively but little. It will enhance the interest which the reader would naturally take in this book to be informed that Mr. Robbins, the hero of it, is still living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity. During our recent visit to the "Western Reserve" we had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and enjoying his hospitalities at his residence in the town of "Solon."

J. B.

PROSPECTUS FOR VOLUME SECOND.

With the present No. we send to many of our present patrons, and some who are not subscribers, a Prospectus for a second volume of the *North-Western Christian Magazine*. We hope all who are friendly to the reformations which it advocates, will use their influence greatly to increase our list of subscribers for the forth coming vol. and send us all the names they can procure as early in June as possible, so that we may know something near the number of copies to print of the July No., which will be the first No. of the new volume. By a reference to our terms, it will be